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SPINOZA.

EVERY one who has studied metaphysical philosophy with a careful and liberal spirit, must have perceived that any system when carried out to its true and legitimate developments will lead inevitably to one of those two original philosophies, between which the mass of the wise men of the world have long hung and hesitated—like the iron coffin of the Prophet between the two loadstones—or, as a scoffer might say, like the jackass in the schoolman's problem, hesitating between two bundles of hay and starving for want of sufficient judgment to choose.

The first and most popular of these two philosophies, is that which is generally known in Europe at the present day as the Empirical; this word they use according to its original Greek derivation, meaning *to try*, or go according to, *experience*. "This term of Empirical," says Murdock, "is not disrespectful in its import, and it well expresses the thing intended." This philosophy is the one most generally recognized at the present day in England and America, being the same which was inculcated in ancient times by Aristotle in his celebrated maxim, *nihil in intellectu quod non fuerit in sensu*, and at a later time by Hobbes and Locke, and also formed the basis of the metaphysical systems of Helvetius and Holbach, *et id omne genus*.

The other may be termed the psychologic or metaphysical system proper, inasmuch as it concerns itself more immediately with, and attributes higher and more independent powers to the mind.

The ultimate and *extreme* developments of either of these systems must be considered as injurious to the welfare of

society or religion. For if we take the empirical or sensational theory, we shall find that it inevitably results in materialism and atheism, want of self-confidence and sensuality, while on the other hand, that of the spiritual or speculative school not unfrequently leads to Pantheism, Idealism and extravagant Supernaturalism.

He, therefore, who embraces either of these systems should constantly keep in mind Boileau's maxim,

"Qui ne sait se borner, ne sut jamais ecrire,"

and should, above all things, beware lest in his zeal for philosophy he lose sight of revealed religion, many have fallen into this error, and amongst others Benedict Spinoza, the subject of this sketch. He was one of those men who delight in pushing inquiry to its utmost and fullest extent, and who are never more delighted than when showing the falsity of any system or theory by a full development of its tendencies. Born a Jew and educated for a Rabbi, he had still sufficient energy to break through the forms and prejudices of this most straight-laced of all religious denominations. He is said to have sadly puzzled and annoyed his Pharasaical instructors while yet a boy, by his frequent and, to them, impious inquiries into the authenticity of the Talmud and other sources of Jewish belief. It is not to be wondered at, that with his inquiring mind and restless disposition he should soon be deemed unfit for the priestly office, and he was in fact at an early age formally dismissed from the synagogue and the pale of the Jewish religion. After his expulsion he was supported by some Christian friends, who afforded him an asylum and gave him the opportunity of studying Latin, Greek and the Cartesian philosophy, which was then attracting the attention of all the learned throughout Europe, and by which it is needless to say that he soon earned the title of *vere adeptus*. "But," says one of his biographers, "as he still continued to attack the religion of his countrymen, they attempted to silence him by a bribe, offering him an annual pension of one thousand florins, and afterwards ineffectually endeavored to take him off by assassination." He was invited subsequently to occupy the chair of philosophy at Heidelberg, which offer he declined. He died A. D. 1667.

It was in his celebrated "*Tractatus Theologico Politi-*

cus," published at a late period of life, that he first gave to the world that peculiar system of philosophy which has since become so well known under the name of Pantheism. Not that this was by any means a new doctrine—for the history of philosophy shows that it has existed in a modified form from the days of Hermes and Pythagoras to the present time. But Benedict Spinoza was the first man who, stripping from it the veil of mysticism and poetry, with which it had until then been enveloped, held it forth boldly and fairly to the gaze of the world. He attempted to prove it by the strictest investigation and to all appearance succeeded.

It was our original intention to have devoted a portion of the present essay to an examination of those proofs, from which he deduces the truth of Pantheism, or the unity of the Creator and the Created. But not having the work by us, and being unable to find among our notes and extracts from it, indices sufficient to warrant us in such an attempt, we will take the liberty of "leaving Hamlet out of the play"—and proceed to a portion of the "Tractatus," which has, generally speaking, attracted but little attention, although the opinions there set forth, have been extensively promulgated by the more spiritual Neologists or Rationalists of the present day. We refer to the chapter on miracles, in which the most extraordinary views are held. As Spinoza had from the beginning shown himself diametrically opposed to everything like materialism, by asserting that the Created in *all its forms* was but the developments of Spirit, so we here find him in strict accordance with this doctrine declaring that every natural event or occurrence is in fact a miracle. For if, according to Spinoza, a natural or ordinary occurrence be the work of Nature, and a miracle the work of God—and if God and Nature be one and the same, it necessarily follows that every event is in fact the direct work of God, and consequently a miracle.

"The vulgar," says Spinoza, "believe that God's power and providence do most plainly appear when they see anything strange and unusual happen in Nature, contrary to the customary opinion they have of Nature, and they think the being of a God never more plainly proved than when Nature seems not to keep its constant course. . . . For they indeed think that while Nature goeth on God

doeth nothing, and on the contrary, when God acts the Power of Nature is idle, so that they imagine two numerical and distinct powers." "As nothing," he continues, "ever happens in Nature contrary to Natural Laws, so neither doth anything ever happen which doth not agree with and follow them, for whatever is done, is done by the will and eternal decree of God, that is according to laws which imply eternal verity and necessity; and therefore, though the laws in which are contained eternal verity and necessity be not known to us, yet Nature always observes them, and consequently keeps her constant and unchangeable course. No rational man can therefore believe the power and virtue of Nature to be limited and its laws confined to some particular operations and effects, and not fitted universally to all, for since the power and virtue of Nature is the power and virtue of God, we ought to believe the power of Nature infinite, and the laws of Nature so general that they extend themselves to all things which fall under the comprehension of the Divine Knowledge." The inference which is drawn from all this is, as we have before intimated, that "a miracle is some undiscovered law of nature brought into action and which we cannot account for by any precedent.

This is evidently the same ground as that taken by Carlyle, in his views of a miracle, where he says, "To me perhaps the rising of one from the dead, were no violation of the laws of Nature, but a confirmation; were some deeper law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its Material Force."

Spinoza does not, however, pretend to deny that many of the miracles in the Old Testament were actually communicated by direct inspiration, but he limits the number of these considerably by declaring, that although that which would be no miracle in the present advanced state of society would have been considered such among the Jews; yet that Moses by his knowledge was able to perform many of these and that they ought not, consequently, to be classed among the *bona fide* miracles. He acquits Moses, however, of any intention to deceive, averring that with the prophet as well as his countrymen, any sudden impulse which they might feel prompting them to

apply knowledge, however acquired, in such a manner as to aid themselves or others in any emergency, was considered as a direct inspiration from God. That these were his views plainly appears from the following passage. "It is to be observed that the Jews never used to make mention of mediate and particular causes, nor ever regarded them but for the promoting of Religion, Piety and Devotion, and had always recourse to God; for example, if they got money by merchandizing, they said God gave it, if they earnestly desired to do anything, they said God disposed their hearts to it, so that everything which the scripture said God declared to any one is not to be taken for prophecy and supernatural knowledge, but that only which the scripture expressly declares, or from the circumstances of the narration, plainly appears to be prophecy and revelation"—which is very much in accordance with those views advanced by Strauss, in his "*Leben Jesu*," where, quoting from Eichhorn, he says, "As long as the human family had not discovered the true origin of things, it derived all from supernatural forces, or the intervention of superior beings."

After this we think that no one will deny that Spinozism was the source from which originated all the Neology and Rationalism, which has at the present day almost extinguished everything like true *spiritual* Christianity in Germany. Yet despite the irreligion of Spinoza, we will not withhold from him our tribute of admiration, as offered to a great and original genius, and look upon him as we will, we must still be struck with admiration at his depth of mind and metaphysical ability.\* For it is a fact that there has not been a speculative philosophy started since this day, which may not be found in an undeveloped state somewhere in his works. The *IDENTITY* of Schelling—the Idealism of Fichte, and the Pure Reason of Kant, are all grounded in his stupendous Pantheistic system, and if we examine the following passage from his works, we shall find therein even traces of the Absolute Logical Idealism of Hegel, who has generally been considered as one of the first philosophers of the age. "Since then," says Spi-

\* Since writing the present article we have seen this same assertion in a foreign periodical, in a review of Spinoza.

noza, "our mind for no other reason than because it contained in itself the Nature of God as its object, and also participating thereof, is able to form certain notions which explicate the Nature of things and teach us the use of life, we may with reason conclude that the nature of man's mind being what 'tis conceived to be, is the prime sense of Divine Revelation, for all these things which we clearly and distinctly understand, the *Idea* of God and Nature dictate to us."

Thus far with Spinoza. But we would not close this essay without saying a few words in defence of a class of writers who have been unjustly confounded with such Pantheists as Spinoza, and Hegel. We refer to Behmen, Tauler, Schubert, Guyon, &c. It has been the custom with many writers, both in this country and in England, to include all such writers under the common title of Pantheists, which is in fact the grossest injustice, since there is as great a difference between them and the Spinozists, as there is between Pantheism and Orthodox Christianity. The proofs whereof we leave to another time.

CARLOS.

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### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THERE never was a country where a national literature was less valued or less encouraged than in this. Truly, amid the various periodicals which our untiring press is daily and hourly sending forth, beneath whose countless numbers

"Printer's devils shake their weary bones,"

we cannot complain of a dearth in the land. But when we would seek that higher order of literature which bears upon it, the broad, bright stamp of mind—that which tends to ennoble our country, to exalt and enlighten our race, then our search becomes almost fruitless. There are a few solitary and brilliant exceptions, "which have appeared like lighthouses on so many dreary miles of coast," but beyond

these, how cheerless and blank is our literary catalogue. But yet this barrenness can cause no wonder in one who knows the character of the American people. Wherever the American can find any pursuit which will offer him sufficient allurements, or will unfold even a promise of gain—every nerve will be stretched, every effort will be made to attain eminence in that pursuit. But since a national literature receives no countenance from the rich and the great—since it opens to the view no golden El Dorado, no visions of forthcoming wealth, no idle prospects of an easy and voluptuous future—a host of prejudices rise up against it, in every portion of our land. Gloomy then as are the prospects, thankless as are the labours of the author, wonder not that the progress of literature has been so slow. Wonder not that a writer is unwilling to strive for reputation, when starvation pursues it as its attendant shadow; when he sees that to attain the one, he must endure all the bitterness and hardships of the other, and beside this must struggle with universal contempt, and to the sensitive heart, this silent coldness of apathy is more severe than “the stings and arrows” of the most ruthless criticism.

But it has been often told us that the Americans are as yet a youthful people—that they must establish their government on a firm basis—that their whole efforts must *now* be directed to the acquirement of wealth, and the extension of commerce, and that when all this shall be accomplished, then they will turn their attention to literary pursuits. But how hard is it for him, who hath once bowed down to mammon as his God, to tear himself away and to seek another shrine and another Deity. How difficult is it for him, who hath grown grey in the follies of his youth, to turn from that path which time hath made familiar or custom rendered pleasant to him. If this be not the time to encourage genius, when will that time arrive? Will it be when our commerce has become more enlarged, and our wealth has been more widely diffused? Is it not probable that when our pecuniary or commercial interests become more extended, that our attention will be more engrossed, and our soul more wrapt up within them? Is it supposable that a national literature will be more easily established when we shall have become a nation of bankers, or a nation of merchants? No! for it is among nations as among



individuals—as from the nature and propensities of the child, you may determine the matured character of the man; even so you will find that the ruling passion of a youthful nation, will ever cling to it, and form the guiding principle of its age.

But is there then no power, which can move upon the face of this dull and stagnant lake, to stir and heal these turbid waters? Is there no master mind, which can direct, no strong arm which can support, and establish our literature? Can it be, that amid a nation such as ours—a nation blessed with every external advantage, dwelling in a land replete with objects, that must inspire, and elevate the soul—a land breathing of Poesy, and eloquent of the deeds of the past; can it be that in such a land we cannot find *ONE*, who can stand forth “a landmark of his country’s genius.” There certainly is no defect in the minds of our people, for there are none who can claim more ingenuity, or more perseverance than the American, in any of those pursuits which involve his interests, or offer him allurements. There is no deficiency in the scenery of our country—no barrenness of incidents in its history. This land has been a Mecca, to which many an enthusiast has turned his pilgrimage. It was in this land, that Campbell laid the scene of one of his most beautiful and touching poems. It was amid the wild pomp and luxuriance of our forests, that the mind of Irving first expanded, and his imagination first glowed. There is no defect in any of these, but there is a shameful neglect on the part of our government, and its administrators, who seem to think the produce of the brain, “an airy nothingness,” and therefore valueless—thus dealing more hardly with our authors, than that famous Dutch Governor of New York, who determined the merits of a writer by the weight of his ideas. It is solely this neglect on the part of our government, which has checked and restricted the progress of our literature. This is the stone beneath which it struggles and toils with more than the labours of a Sisyphus; and it cannot, it will not flourish, till this incubus, which now weighs it down, shall be plucked away. Then, and not till then, will the harp of another Dana, of a Bryant, and a Halleck, be again awakened, and the notes which have slumbered so long, burst forth with a fresh, and redoubled sweetness. †.



THE SPIRIT LOVE.

"Though she be not of earth, this love,  
Yet our spirits are ONE in lands above."

LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

They tell me thou art dead and gone!  
And yet—I know it cannot be;  
For thou art present in my dreams,  
A spirit pure—from evil free.

At dewy eve I *know* thee near,  
And feel thy kiss upon my cheek—  
And hear thee whisper on my soul,  
Thoughts which no mortal tongue may speak.

And in the darkest, deepest night,  
My soul can spurn e'en mortal fear;  
No earthly woes can terror bring,  
For heavenly spirit, thou art near.

Oh that the happy hour were come,  
When from these earthly chains set free,  
I seek a higher sphere of bliss—  
A spirit pure to roam with thee.

CARLOS.

"THE WEST."

"THE Great West." A "great" subject, truly, and "great" the mass of misrepresentation and superficial, unmeaning description and empty declamation has it been the theme of.

Every man at the East here, thinks he understands it, and especially does *he* feel assured of this, who has made the journey to St. Louis or Cincinnati, or the voyage of the "Upper Lakes." And yet in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, he knows really as little of the character of its people, their habits of thought, and life, and feeling, and the influence it is destined to exert on the fate and character of the country at large, as he who never set foot beyond the Alleghenies, nor ever read one of the "thousand and one" letters and paragraphs in the newspapers, de-

scribing the "Great West," the "Mississippi Valley," etc.—that meet our eyes every day.

A traveller of "acute observation" starts upon a tour of "the west," promising some newspaper editor "an account of the country" from time to time in a series of "letters." He provides himself with a cart load of baggage and "necessaries," enters himself and plunder at a railroad or stage office "for Pittsburgh"—and is whirled there in the shortest time imaginable, half his time asleep, the remainder dozing over a newspaper, or trying to tell the color of a barn door occasionally, or to recollect the names of the last *two towns* he passed. Arrived at Pittsburgh, he goes to look upon the "beautiful Ohio," (most glorious river it is!) counts the steamboats at the wharf, peeps into one or two foundries and rolling mills as he returns to his hotel, retires to his room, on the third story, where he can command a view of the "chief points" (the tops of the chimneys) of "a great part of the city," sits down and writes a letter describing "Pittsburgh!" This is sent by speed of steam to his friend the editor, who forthwith publishes it, with due puff and parade, and it goes forth, and people read it, and fancy they know something of *Pittsburgh*. The next day he is off down the Ohio in a swift steamer, which halts at Wheeling long enough for him to count the steamboats, "see the town," and write another letter. As there is "nothing worth seeing" now till he can reach Cincinnati, he concludes to sleep as much of the time as he can till he arrives there, where, after having duly counted the *steamboats*, and from a map of the city, got the names of the *canals* that come into it, which he carefully notes on a piece of paper lest he forget them, and perhaps he even goes so far as to ascertain how many "acres of hogs" were slaughtered there that year, and how big a "pond of whiskey" had been exported the year before, he hies him to his room rich in materials for a "most able and interesting letter." The same thing is gone over at St. Louis, where, having reached the Ultima Thule of civilization, he turns him homeward—having seen "the Great West," scanned all its "resources," examined with "an *experienced eye* the character of its people," and safely arrived at home in *three weeks*, besides having spread abroad throughout the whole of the east an account of his journeyings and discoveries, making thousands as wise as himself.

This is the way the west is seen and described, and it is known as we might expect from such seeing and description. He that would *know* the west *as it is, and will be*, must get out of the coach, leave the steamboat, forsake the railroad car; he must mingle with the masses of its inhabitants that people its rich valleys and beautiful hills and flower-garnished prairies, he must be acquainted with the love and the peace of the log cabin life. He must make one of the happy family and social circle around the smiling fireside; he must hear the ploughman's whistle, and partake in the reaper's toil, he must listen to the mother's lullaby over her sleeping babe, as she is busied in her labours for those she loves, he must meet with them on the Sabbath in yon lowly house in that quiet grove, where they are wont to assemble to hear the word of life—he must look over the shoulder of the pedagogue in the lowly log school-house, and mingle with that group of ruddy-cheeked, bold, hardy boys that are playing before its door. He must make one at the "rolling" and the "husking," he must be one at the wedding and the wake, "the infair" and the funeral, he must see them at the sick bed, and the hovel of distress; he must feel their warm embrace and their kind welcome, and taste their gushing hospitality; he must breathe their free air, and imbibe their high souled independence and love of liberty and action, he must know all their love of country and country's glory. He must see the eye of laughing youth and tottering age kindling at the name of Gates and Green and *Washington*. He must know intimately *all* the causes and influences that have made them what they are, and all the ten thousand thing that are making them what they shall be, before he can tell us, with even the truth of "*a guess*," what the character of the west is, and what its influence and destiny shall be.

We can see no shorter and surer way of illustrating the "political" importance and influence of the west, than by the aid of a few statistics, the elements of which may be found in almost any almanac.

Taking the fifteen older States, the memorable thirteen, together with Maine and New Hampshire, which we shall call "the east," though much that is properly the west is contained within them, we find the decennial increase of their population very nearly thus: From 1790 to 1800, 29½

per cent. ; from 1800 to 1810,  $24\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. ; from 1810 to 1820, 22 per cent. ; from 1820 to 1830,  $21\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. ; from 1830 to 1840,  $16\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The insufficiency of data during the first of these periods (1790 to 1800,) has prevented us from a satisfactory result in regard to the increase in the newer States and Territories during that time, though we are assured it reached 200 per cent. Since that our information is full and certain. The result is as follows : From 1800 to 1810,  $179\frac{2}{3}$  per cent. ; from 1810 to 1820,  $96\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. ; from 1820 to 1830,  $75\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. ; from 1830 to 1840, 73 per cent. The population of these two sections as above divided, in 1840 was

Of the fifteen Eastern and older States, 10,631,117

" " Western States and Territories, 6,437,540

If we estimate the increase in the former for the present ten years at fifteen per cent., which will no doubt be above the fact, we shall have for the population of those States in 1850, 12,225,884. And estimating the increase of the western portion at seventy per cent. for the same time we shall have for them 10,953,833 or a little more than a million less than the eastern portion. Let us extend the estimate another ten years, by reckoning for the former an increase of twelve per cent., and for the latter, one of 65 per cent., and in the year 1860, sixteen years from this time, they will stand

Eastern portion, 13,692,990

Western " 18,059,324

or a preponderance in favour of the west of near four and a half millions. If now we correct this estimate by taking from the east and attaching to the west those parts that properly belong to it, as western Pennsylvania, western Virginia and a part of western Georgia, we shall have a preponderance of two millions in 1850 and of nine or ten in 1860.

In the year 1900, according to the most probable estimates, the population of the United States will amount to about ninety-five millions, of this mighty number "the west," will contain at least seventy millions. Thus within the probable life time of most of my readers will this portion not only have acquired the preponderance, (for that the *next* census will make apparent,) but will have in fact become "the country," and the glorious old fifteen will be

but the embroidered hem of this mighty garment. And this is but the commencement of that career, which past experience and present prospects indicate as the destiny of that country, and that people.

Had we time and space we should love to say something of the character of that people, we are accustomed to hear designated as "the people of the West." We would delight to set before you the warm-hearted, open-handed frankness of their nature, their high-souled devotion to liberty and country, their overflowing hospitality, their love of action and enterprise, that makes them laugh at impossibilities, that makes them talk as seriously of making turnpikes and railroads across the Rocky Mountains, and waking the echoes along the shores of the mighty Oregon by the puffing of their steamboats, as though such things were of every day occurrence. And they do not *talk* only, there is deep, earnest *meaning* in their hearts. And although there is ample space for three ranks of mighty States between those already settled and the confines of those rocky barriers, that rise on the west, yet we already see that tide, that is sweeping onward like the avalanche, beginning to roll up their rocky gorges, and we shall soon see such a flood pouring down the valleys of the great Columbia that neighbour "John" will as soon think of urging a claim to the public square of St. Petersburg as of making good his title to that country.

This people too are fast acquiring a nationality. Though they love "the east" with the love of children and of patriots, it is not a blind love. They take not their opinions from it as they buy their coats, "ready made." They are easy to live *amongst*, but hard to live *upon*, which perhaps some of my readers (if any have come with me thus far,) will do well to remember.

It would be folly and presumption to say of what we have set forth, "This is the West." Were we even capable of a description of which this might be said, time and space would fail us. Many great questions making a part of the subject we have not so much as named. If what has been said be true, (which we most truly believe,) and have the effect of unsettling a prejudice, or an erroneous opinion, of prompting to a more liberal and faithful inquiry and examination, in those whose destiny may yet be cast

among that people, our object will be accomplished. Let such prepare to go forth upon that theatre of human enterprise, the greatest the world now presents, where meet and mix and mingle those thronging millions ; whereon is to be acted the darkest tragedy of human passions the sun shall ever witness, or where human nature is to attain its highest earthly perfection in everything ennobling to the race ; let them go in the strong principles of *right*, identify themselves in interest and thought and feeling with its people, and aid in swelling that influence that shall go forth replete with blessing to all lands, having inscribed upon its banners, "Peace on earth and good will to man."

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#### AN HOUR OF THOUGHT.

The hour, the spot were for reflection meet.  
 'Twas the soft twilight of an autumn day,  
 All nature felt the gloom mysterious  
 Hovering round—e'en the little warblers  
 Sought repose silently and sadly,  
 Nor dared to join in gladsome melody ;  
 But with a sad and plaintive note bade now  
 A long, last farewell to the scenes oft vocal  
 With their harmony. Each little flower  
 Hung low, and feared to move its drooping head,  
 But with the resignation of despair,  
 Awaited now the desolating tread  
 Of him whom we name Winter—they call Death.  
 Such the hour—the spot a village churchyard ;  
 Wherein the new-made graves gave mournful proofs,  
 That sickness with her wings so long outstretched,  
 Had made a gloom whereby grim death might creep  
 Unseen, though sure.

With feelings thus attuned

I leaned upon a plain white slab, which told  
 That silver'd locks and palsied hand, (age's  
 Honoured ensigns,) death's fearful messengers,  
 Had long since warned the slumberer below  
 T' prepare ! "Thy days on earth are numbered."  
 Thus spake the stone ; and is it so, thought I,  
 That this lone, solitary spot, this grave,  
 Is all that one so honour'd and so aged  
 Possesses ; and is this alone the fruit

Of sleepless nights, and days, and years of toils.  
Where now are wealth, honour, fame, distinction ?  
Alas, all is vanity.

So thought I  
And so turned away *secure* and happy,  
That many long, long years must yet roll round  
E'er trembling age would call me 't prepare.  
This honoured grave stood not alone, beside  
Was one whose narrow limits clearly proved,  
Its occupant had scarce yet learned to lisp  
Her name, who ever fondly watched and wept,  
And wept and watched its sick and dying hours ;  
Had but just learned to welcome with a smile  
A father's fondness, and with soft loving  
Greet his gentle caresses.

Here pausing,  
I dropped upon the cold rough clod a tear  
Of sorrow for a father's wounded heart,  
And mother's bitter anguish. Then turning,  
I gazed upon the aged man's grave, and once  
Again I looked upon the dread abode  
Of infant innocence. And can, thought I,  
The few short years which here so clearly mark  
The line 'twixt age and infancy hereafter  
Prove a barrier to the fellowship  
Of spirits in the land of bliss, with him  
To whom a " thousand years are as one day ;"  
But rather, do not the holy spirits  
Of the neighboring dead, infant and old man,  
United, wander hand in hand throughout  
Heav'n's beauteous courts.

Such were my thoughts,  
Nor feared I, but turning breathed a prayer  
Of gratitude to Him who thus prolong'd  
Beyond the tender years of infancy  
My life.

Again I lingered near the grave  
One whom I had known, aye, even loved.  
My soul became the seat of feelings strange,  
And strangely holy, as again I gazed  
Upon the blooming youthful loveliness,  
Which mock'd the monster death ; but whom she mock'd,  
" Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile," and froze  
With one cold touch the well-springs of her life.  
The rose which once so richly tinged her cheek  
Was changed to icy paleness, and the eye  
Which once mirror'd forth the deepest feelings  
Of such a soul, all love, all purity,  
Grew dull and dead. With her were buried  
Love's early dreams—she loving and beloved.



Who from her joyous heart imparted life  
 To all, herself was now no more. That form  
 Of more than earthly mould, now fed the worms,  
 And mingled with its kindred earth. Yes, here  
 Lay stiff and cold whate'er grim death had left  
 Of form and loveliness. But where, oh, where,  
 Is now the spirit pure which gave each limb  
 Its vigour, the eye its fire gave. In vain  
 Imagination strove to penetrate  
 The gloomy veil and gaze enraptured on  
 The strange arena of futurity.  
 Baffled thus, I fain would join in converse  
 With the dead ; but dared my thoughts e'en wander  
 To spirit land, her voice now clear, became  
 Confused and wild.

Here, too, Fear started up,  
 In accents harsh and terrible he spoke :  
*Think you death waits the tardy step of age ;*  
 Or has he power alone to snap life's thread  
 In infancy ?

Prepare to wrest from death  
 His sting, and from the grave her victory.

B. C.

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### NAPOLEON.

It is a melancholy fact that glittering vices often make a deeper impression upon men, and excite more sympathy in favour of their possessors, than solid virtues. The philosophers and civilians who have toiled to solve the intricate problem of human nature, and who by their labours have improved the social and political condition of man, have scarcely a monument erected to their memory ; and thousands, who in the humbler walks of life have devoted themselves to the promotion of the public good ; whose unobtrusive virtues, like the dew that descends thro' the stillness of night, to refresh the face of nature, exert a silent, but vivifying influence upon the moral world, pass unnoticed to the tomb, and are quietly numbered with the myriads of the past. But the heroes, whose struggles for glory and empire have converted the fairest portions of the earth into fields of slaughter ; who have crimsoned every river of the old world with human blood, and scattered the unhonored

bones of millions over every hill and valley, are celebrated as the illustrious of mankind; the voluminous pages of history are filled with their exploits; the poet and the orator have adorned their deeds with the inventions of fancy and the flowers of rhetoric; while the architect and the sculptor have reared lofty piles to their memory, and inscribed their image and their name upon the monumental marble. Even the desert sands of Egypt are studded over with the monuments of human ambition; and a hundred triumphal arches, in spite of envious time, have handed down the fame of an hundred ancient heroes. There is scarcely a town or hamlet in the old world, but numbers some bloody conflict among its local traditions; and boasts of memorials to prove that some conqueror of old honoured it with his warlike presence. As we look upon the proud piles which perpetuate the memory of the Cæsars and Alexanders of the past, and admire the tinselled virtues with which poetry and rhetoric have adorned their characters, we are too apt to forget the bitter tears, and innocent blood with which their renown was purchased. The light of superior genius, and the splendor of royal power often give the hue of virtue to crimes which would stamp the character of an humble man with indelible disgrace.

Hence it is that so many mourn over the hapless fate of Napoleon; and kindle into enthusiasm at the recital of his deeds. No one can set a higher estimate upon his genius than we do. Yet much as we admire the talents which raised an humble subaltern to the throne of Europe, we heartily condemn that lust for power, which disregarded the most sacred obligations of society, and that selfish hypocrisy, which, while it worshipped every deity, and professed every creed his temporal interest pointed out, paid a sincere devotion at no shrine, but that of his own ambition. We are astonished at the ease with which he wielded a sceptre, whose weight would have crushed the mightiest of his compeers; but we shrink with instinctive horror from that superiority in crime, which first enabled him to grasp it, and afterwards stained it with the blood of innocence. Possessing talents and influence sufficient, if rightly directed, to have blessed mankind, he prostituted the gifts of nature and the rewards of valour to the gratification of his selfish lusts. The renown he acquired while fighting un-

der the standard of the French Republic, he employed to hurl the representatives of the people from their lawful seats, and deck his own brow with the crown of the Bourbons. But the sceptre of France was not large enough to satisfy his thirst for empire ; the spoils of France were insufficient to support the pomp of his retinue. In order to add Austria to his dominions, he transgressed the dearest ties of social life. The tears of the unfortunate Josephine had no influence upon his iron soul, and the affections of a faithful wife were held in low estimation, when compared with the splendours of an Austrian diadem. Without a shadow of right he invaded Italy, and compelled the former mistress of the world to pay tribute to a Corsican soldier. With a treachery almost unequalled in history he seized the princes of Spain and conferred their crown upon his brother. No sooner was he possessed of sufficient power to cope with the potentates of the earth, than he began to insinuate himself, either by force or intrigue, into the domestic affairs of almost every court in Europe ; and while loudly boasting himself the friend of human freedom, showed that his insatiable ambition aimed at nothing less than universal dominion. In order to attain this he openly violated the most sacred obligations of international law ; and to maintain his usurped prerogatives he laid waste the fairest portions of Europe ; appropriating whatever might contribute to his splendour, and destroying whatever opposed his progress to universal empire. It was to punish his offences against the law of nations, and defend mankind from the cruel effects of his ambition, that the governments of Europe confederated against him. And when his career of blood and treachery was brought to a close upon the field of Waterloo, it was under the sanction of that law that England condemned him to exile.

Here the question arises, had England a right to banish him ? If it be conceded that he was fairly a prisoner of war, the question seems to be settled without further dispute ; for since France abandoned him to his fate, surely no one can doubt the right of England to dispose of a prisoner who was not stipulated for, in a manner the most consistent with her own safety. But some will say, he was *not* a prisoner of war, because he surrendered himself *after* the battle of Waterloo, with which the war necessarily closed. Now,

to assert that the war must necessarily have closed at the battle of Waterloo, is not only a gratuitous assumption, but, judging from the former career of Napoleon, that event was contrary to all probability. Had he manifested the same spirit with which he maintained the reverses of his Russian campaign, the war might still have been prosecuted with vigour; and his enemies had every reason to believe that his followers would make another effort for the recovery of his fortunes. But even granting that the war must necessarily have closed with the battle of Waterloo, that does not render him the less a prisoner. The law of nations legalizes hostilities committed within a certain time, even after a treaty of peace. And much more, then, does it legalize the capture of Napoleon, at a time when not even the first overtures of peace had been made.

But whether he was a prisoner or not, it may well be asked what milder treatment could be claimed for one, who, during a quarter of a century, had disturbed the peace of Europe, and whose last battle was fought in order to regain a throne he had abdicated under the faith of the most solemn treaty. But we are less surprised at the clemency of his sentence, than at his own meanness in accepting the boon of a pitiful existence at the hands of her he had injured and always affected to despise. Why did he not perish, like a hero, upon the field of battle? He sought a soldier's fame, and why should he shrink from a soldier's fate? "Oh! most lame and impotent conclusion!" He who had stood unmoved amid the fire and slaughter of ambitious war, while fortune awarded him the palm of victory, when the star of his destiny declines, is afraid to perish amid the ruins of the empire he had erected! The mighty general, crowned with the laurels of an hundred battle fields, shrinks from a soldier's grave, and he who in the heyday of his glory had conferred the crowns of Europe upon his followers, becomes a suppliant for his life, at the feet of an English officer. He surrendered to the most generous of his foes, and what right had he to expect the least clemency even from them? Was he not perjured in the face of the world? Had he not openly violated the most solemn treaties? How could his enemies deem themselves secure, while they left it in his power to grasp again at the sceptre he had lost? His escape from

Elba showed how little confidence was to be placed in his honour; and they justly feared that another Waterloo would be attended with different results. To all, then, that can be urged against the banishment of Napoleon, we reply, that it was the mildest punishment possible for him to receive, consistently with the peace and safety of Europe.

And now that this magnificent drama is numbered with the things that were; and its chief actor gone to account for the deeds of time at the bar of eternity; we may turn from the pomp of the court, and the tumult of the battle-field, to muse beside the narrow spot where the mighty conqueror has crumbled into dust.

How calm, yet how instructive is the grave! As we stand by the lowly bed where the ashes of Napoleon sleep, how the sceptres, and diadems, and thrones, and all the pomp of this world's royalty sink into insignificance! How worthless seems the loudest blast that ever sounded in Fame's vain trumpet!

"Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?"

How candid and impartial is the grave! Now, since the voice of flattery and calumny are alike hushed in its peaceful bosom, and his achievements no longer dazzle by their suddenness, we may calmly examine the claims of Napoleon to our sympathies.

If we take away the good effect which followed some of his deeds, he deserves no credit, his career entitles him to the first rank among lawless conquerors. But when we contemplate the greatness of his mind, and the noble feelings which ambition suppressed, but could not totally eradicate, we cannot but mourn that his talents were perverted and his heart corrupted by a lust for power.

"A single step into the right had made  
This man the Washington of worlds betrayed;  
A single step into the wrong has given  
His name a doubt to every wind of heaven."

FAREWELL.

—  
"Adios, alma de mi vida, para siempre adios."  
—

They tell me, love, that thou wilt soon be gone  
To a more genial clime—a southern shore,  
Whose flowery meads excel the hills of Spain,  
And where rude blasts can chill thy frame no more.

I am unknown to thee, and never yet  
Have clasped thy hand or praised thy glowing charms;  
I never yet have told thee of my love,  
Or held thee gently blushing in my arms.

But yet not *all* unknown; for oft at eve  
I've seen thee on the *Prado*, love, and there  
Was many a Donna with a dark, black eye,  
But none, like thee, were so divinely fair.

I've seen thee at the altar, and it seemed  
A mockery almost to bow the knee,  
For whilst *thy* prayers were offered to the saints,  
The worship in my heart was but to thee.

Then fare thee well, and mayest thou happy be;  
The barque in which thou goest never bore  
A maid one-half so lovely on its deck,  
For maid so fair hath never lived before.

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REVIEW OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCRATES.

Although the voice of Philosophical History has decided that Socrates has merited the title of the wisest and best man, and although he stands confessedly at the head of all philosophers, either ancient or modern, (with the exception perhaps of his disciple Plato,) still it is a remarkable fact that the world in general is ignorant to a culpable degree of his principles, and many a student would perhaps hesitate if called upon to elucidate his system. Nor will this appear wonderful if we consider his character in its true light. For Socrates, was not strictly speaking a philoso-

pher, a metaphysician or a psychologist; in no place do we find any proof that he ever taught a separate system of philosophy or ethics. Plato has indeed in common with others represented him as expounding different questions in ethics and ontology, but we can gather from the most authentic sources that Plato was considered even by his contemporaries as merely expressing his own opinions, and using the well known name of Socrates as a vehicle to insure the wider circulation of his own system of philosophy. Nevertheless the point may yet be disputed whether the Socrates of Plato be not truer to life than the same character as represented by Xenophon; although the former is confessedly a fiction, and the latter sets forth the strongest claims to be considered as a legitimate portrait. For it has already been observed that the religious, as well as philosophical principles of Socrates, ill-defined as they may have been, were undoubtedly of a much more ideal cast than those given by Xenophon. Again Xenophon was a soldier—an active man of the world, and one too, who would undoubtedly wish to represent the character of his friend rather in a sober, common-sense light to the world than that of a speculative philosopher,—a character which could only be appreciated by a few of a like stamp—so that we may undoubtedly admit the truth of the remark made by a celebrated writer, “that in the *Memorabilia* we behold rather the Socrates of Xenophon than the philosopher himself.” But to return to our original assertion, that Socrates was not strictly speaking, a philosopher, but rather a philosophical agitator, one who without meditating very deeply himself, incited others to the highest trains of reason and reflection. The only thing in which he has benefited the world is in having destroyed the pernicious schools of Sophists and other wild and wicked philosophers, (vide *Mem.* 1. 1. 12. 13.) Socrates seems to have taken for the motto of his life, “the proper study of mankind is man”—and following this up to have devoted himself entirely to anthropology. How to live well and quietly was the problem which he was ever solving, and to hold himself aloof from the wicked and to be careless as to their censures, was the height of his ambition.



## IMAGININGS.

—  
 “What if earth  
 Be but the shadow of heaven and things therein,  
 Each to other like more than on earth is thought.”

“Darkly we move—we press upon the brink,  
 Haply, of unseen worlds and know it not,  
 Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think  
 Are those whom death has parted from our lot.”

—  
 THERE are three worlds, besides heaven, which intimately concern us. There is the visible world in which we live, where are our homes, around which the fond associations of childhood cluster, where our friends are. This world is full of beauty. All the bright sunshine of a warm spring day—the balmy air—the sweet minstrelsy of birds, was created for us. The breath of flowers floating around us on the perfumed evening breeze is a free gift to us from God. There are loved ones here on earth whose presence is the very vestibule of heaven—so exquisitely pleasant that we would fain linger longer before going within to the holy of holies. Oh! I love this world of ours though there is sorrow here, and parting and death.

There is the “soul’s world.” God has made a world in every man’s mind more beautiful still than the visible world. There is not a work of man’s hands but is an image of a thought. The most beautiful triumph of art, whether chiseled in the speaking marble, or painted upon the canvass, is but an image of a more beautiful creation of the mind. Words are corporealised thoughts, living, but halt, blind and dumb, for there is a *speechless* language of the soul. The astronomer, from his observatory on this puny world, looks with his glasses far, far into the blue air above us, and marks there the roll of worlds; scans a larger page of the laws of the universe, and almost fancies that he hears the faint, distant, dying echos of the music of the spheres—*see* it he does, for the harmony of their mystic dance is *music*! But with this mental telescope of ours, we penetrate all space; lay bare the secrets of the Almighty’s mysteries, and look in upon the invisible glories that surround the eternal throne.



"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

We cannot see them, ah no! we cannot see our own souls. The etherial essence is too subtle for visual inspection.

Glorious truths are all around us, but we are blindfolded, and grope about with outstretched arms, asking "what is truth?" and "where is truth?" We know we are in the midst of them, but we cannot see them, and can only imagine what they are.

This "empty, vast, and wandering air," is ample ground for the exercise of the most lively imagination. It is an illimitable ocean. The most skilful navigator can never arrive at any coast. We launch forth on this boundless expanse without unmooring from any harbour, and no soundings have ever been found. To *will* is to sail in any direction, without fear of cross currents and contrary winds.

Philosophers tell us "the air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said or woman whispered. There, in their mutable, but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as the latest sighs of mortality stand forever recorded, vows unredeemed—promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle the record of man's change-ful will." Every word uttered, even the softest breathings of love, causes a vibration in the air that never ceases. The first word of adoring wonder at the new creation that Adam spoke, six thousand years ago, still moves and swells the silent air as it did when first uttered. What a book of fate!

May not these low, trembling breaths of music, which sometimes fall like gentle murmurs upon the ear, seemingly coming from nowhere—so low, so strange, so heavenly that we know they are not of earth, be accounted for thus? May they not be the deep, solemn vibrations of those tones which swelled the very dome of heaven; "When the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy?" Or the notes of a still later song which the midnight winds bore swiftly round the earth, when angels to wandering shepherds sang "Glory

to God in the highest, and on earth, peace and good will to men?"

Uncertain and imaginary as many think the things of the world of spirits to be, they perhaps deceive as little and are as real as the things of earth. The dark and overwhelming troubles we see in the distance oftentimes come not—never *as* we expect them. He that stoops to pluck a flower, the richest in his path, not seldom finds a worm within destroying the sweetness in his hand.

Our richest draughts of pleasure sometimes turn to gall, and the poisoned chalice, as we thought, proves the nectar of the gods. We toil on and on for years after some fancied good and when at last we reach it, and grasp it, it turns to bitter ashes in our hand. The traveller amongst the Alps sees some favourite peak towering before him, its snow-white summit glittering in the sun and dazzling him with its splendour, and he longs to stand on that dizzy height in the midst of those bright glories; and after many a weary upward step he is there, but it has lost the charms that allured him, and he sees around him nothing but desolation, and eternal ice and snow, and solitude. Then the smiling plains and the lovely Rhine far, far beneath him appear transcendently beautiful. Thus it is with every thing in the visible world. The beings of the mind—of the "soul's world"—are the creatures of a caged spirit—mouldings in clay or, perhaps, the dim remembrances of some previous spiritual existence!

The invisible world is a *reality* in one sense, in another it is an "*airy nothing*." The blind boy will tell you, his mother, that he loves more than all else in the world, *looks like* a lovely tone of music—contrasting two things that have no common properties. And so it fares with us when speaking of things which from the very constitution of our natures, we can know nothing about.

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#### EPIGRAM.

They say, to dream of angels bright,  
Doth bide success to lover's true;  
Oh Mary, do they say aright?  
For last night, love, I dreamed of you.

C.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*By Colquhitt*

*The Sacred Poems* of N. P. Willis. New York: Morris, Willis & Co., Publishers.

THESE poems have for the first time been published in a complete form, in an extra of the *New Mirror*, and it is with infinite pleasure that we see them thus sent forth to the world.

It has become so common now-a-days to decry American poetry; to deny that it ever has, or ever will attain excellence, that, in order to appear singular, we greet these efforts with a kindly welcome. If such are the eggs which the author always puts under his "hen of reverie," we hope that her joyous cackle, loud and clear, may often be heard through the length and breadth of the land. To speak of the distinctive merits of these poems would require a much larger space than a mere notice can occupy. Suffice it that all are good; though of course we have our favourites. The field of which the author has taken possession is certainly a new one; presenting, as it does in a dramatic view, the most beautiful and striking scenes in sacred history. Nor does he treat them trivially either; but like one impressed, not only with the poetry which they present, but with the grandeur and sublimity of such a subject. The bible itself is so full of poetry, and these very scenes are there described with such fervour and simplicity, that an attempt to embellish them may seem presumptuous. But we think not. Impassioned and eloquent verse never can degrade its subject. Here inspiration meets inspiration; and though not of the same order, yet they have both the same divine origin. The poet must have higher conceptions of these truths than those which are vouchsafed to men of less imagination; and therefore it is at least curious to see the impressions which they make upon his mind. Facts, in which are involved a system of religion, appears more than facts to him. They become as to the true Christian, living, speaking proofs of the power and majesty of him who never lies. Indeed, the ancients were not so far wrong, when they made the inspiration of the poet seem also like that of the prophet. In the sacred writings the combination often occurs.

But "a martingale" on theorizing, and to return to the subjects of our remarks. We repeat, that these poems contain many, and striking beauties. The verse is rich and musical, and the thoughts solemn and majestic. Many of the scenes presented are truly dramatic in effect; pictured too by the hand of a master. We have great curiosity to know what were the author's emotions, when penning these last and best of his efforts. It is evident that they were conceived and executed in a different spirit from that which actuated his former writings. They are less frivolous, and breathe more of the true spirit of poetry. "Tortisa" is, we think, the best of his studied productions; as it is also the longest and most artistical. "Pencillings by the way," "Inklings of adventure," and others of the like character, bear the impress of less genius, and far less study. They were but scintillations, "youthful effusions;" while his "Sacred Poems" contain more of the solid stuff of which true genius is composed. The lament of King David over his son "Absalom," "Christ's entrance into Jerusalem," "The scene in Gethsemane," "Hagar in the wilderness," and, indeed, all the others are pictures which we cannot soon forget; and,—should we have any,—our children shall be taught to learn and lisp them. But to conclude, we hope that the author's countrymen will not permit his chickens to "come home to roost;" but rather cherish them as specimens of a noble and healthy brood. As for ourselves we promise him a warm roost upon the shelves of our book-case; and that too in no mean company. We have birds of higher flight there; but there is still room for such as are less daring on the wing, though as lovely and as loving for their simple, *domestic* nature.

*The Dartmouth.* Conducted by the students of Dartmouth College.

We have received the last number of "The Dartmouth," and hail it as the first winter messenger from the land of puritans and pumpkin pies. Truly, friend, it makes us shiver to take thee by the hand; coming as thou dost from the snow clad hills of the far north. Nevertheless we hope that the warmth of thy grasp may make amends for the coldness of thy climate. Many of the pieces are charac-

terestic, presenting vivid and well drawn pictures of the good cheer, and homely happiness only to be found in New England. Among others we notice "Indian Summer," and greet the author as a brother reader of good old Christopher North. "Nathan Wimple," is also a humorous and well told story. But where all are good, comparisons would perhaps seem invidious.

*The University Magazine.* Edited by a committee of the Philomathian and Zelosophic societies, of the University of Pennsylvania.

We regret to see that the next number is to be the last of the "University Magazine." We had hoped that from its appearance, it would stand the brunt of time. Surely with some little effort it might be again revived. The last number, certainly gives no signs of decay. Among other excellent articles which it contains, we observe one entitled "Trancendentalism," which speaks well for the erudition of the author. He has certainly studied Kant to some purpose.

*The Yale Literary Magazine.* Conducted by the Students of Yale College.

We have received the December number of "The Yale Literary," and greet it as we would the appearance of an old and familiar friend. It may well be called the father of College periodicals; having already reached its ninth volume, and still retaining much of its youthful vigour. The secret of its success is apparent enough. The interest first felt in it has not worn off. To the novelty of the attempt has succeeded a proper degree of reverence, and a commendable pride in maintaining what was so well begun. Besides this interest is not only felt by a few; but extends itself to every individual in the College. Hence it is looked upon both as a pleasure and a duty to assist the editors in their labours. It has thus become a true index of the talent and perseverance of those to whom it has been successively intrusted. So long as each student considers himself bound to support it, so long will it flourish. This, we assert, is essential to the success of any college magazine. We wish that our friends of Yale, could impart some of their spirit in such matters, to other institutions in our country.



The present number contains some excellent essays; written in an easy manly style, and evincing both thought and care. We have read with much pleasure, "The Poet's Mission," "Horae Collegianae," "The Witch," and indeed most of the articles which it contains. The engraving of the Yale College Library, is quite an ornament to the number.

### EDITORS' TABLE.

*By Edgworth*

Once more the Monthly is before you. Though the gloss of novelty is worn away, yet curiosity and interest will always render it acceptable. Amid the monotony of College duties, and the unvarying occupations of a student's life, it comes to change the ceaseless dullness of the scene, and to afford for a short time at least pleasure and instruction. It comes now, when old Winter in his icy and hoary mantle is around thee—when his harsh voice is speaking in the wind which roars without, and in the howl which echos through thy abode, and chills thee even by thy warm and snug fireside. Amid all this bleakness and dreariness, it comes glowing with "the sunshine of the breast," and warm with the aspirations and feelings of youth. "My Friends," said one of that antique tribe of blunt, truth-speaking men, who are sent into the world for the particular annoyance of editors and great little men, but whom, thanks to the laws of etiquette, and the progress of civilization, are now almost annihilated. "My Friends," said he, "you seem to entertain higher views of the usefulness of the 'Monthly,' than the public generally does. Do you know that I saw your work, a short time ago, enveloping a huge carcase of a pound cake; and this morning I saw Miss —'s hair twisted and screwed up, in several little fragments of it. Now you must be aware, that when one's ideas are fixed upon such trifling things as cakes, or are even employed in adorning a woman's locks—beg Mr. Pope's pardon—they cannot be very important, or very long-lived. The treatment which your work receives, does not seem to speak very highly for its merits, or cannot be very consolatory to your feelings. But there is a powerful consolation, however. 'The Nassau Monthly' is a common sufferer in a common cause. It is the sad lot of all literature

now—no matter how exalted may be the merits of the writer, how refined and beautiful the thoughts, how interesting and important the matter—to be employed for various small purposes of domestic utility. The generality of those, who purchase books, are very seldom willing to read them, and are often unable to comprehend them when read. Young ladies, for instance, who prefer the beauty of their outward heads to that of their intellects, or old ladies who delight to vegetate in peace and plenty, undisturbed by feelings and thoughts alien to gastronomic ease, or digestion, would give even to Shakspeare the office of buckling their ringlets, or shrouding their puddings. Literary attainment, and consequently literature itself, is now becoming unfashionable, and Fashion in this country is in its effects more potent than the charm, more irresistible than the song of Circe. Despite all this, however, we would advise all of those, who desire to grow wise and honest, who strive to drink of the deep fountains of knowledge, and to increase in virtue, as they increase in wisdom, to devote their days and nights to the careful perusal of the Bible, Shakspeare and the "Nassau Monthly." Having delivered himself safely of his remarks, and having presented us with a copy of them, our sagacious friend rose and departed.

And now, Gentle Reader, the last tints of the sun, have begun to fade into dimness, and will soon melt into darkness. The small twinkling light of a solitary star, begins to shimmer in the west, as if in mockery of the golden hues, which as it brightens, recede and gradually disappear. The distant woods, begin to mingle and blend their shadowy forms with the sky; and the varied and tuneful voices, of the feathered choir, are all hushed. Evening! wondrous. Oh passing wondrous, is thy spell over the soul—from the very depths of thy silence, there speaks a voice, which bids the troubled heart be still—at thy coming the hum and stir of business sinks into calmness, and that, which but a short time ago was a Babel, clamoring with confused and jarring sounds, agitated by conflicting passions and absorbing emotions, is as silent as a city of the dead. Having now lulled you into a gentle and comfortable repose, "we take our leave of you till this time a month, when we'll have another pluck at thy beards, and lay open a story to the world, you little dream of."

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We exceedingly regret that "X Q" requests a return of his admirable article. We had hoped to retain it among our archives as a literary curiosity.

The author of "God, Eternal," has certainly overturned the old system of regulating time. The sun is now entirely useless; since he has discovered "*creation's clock*."

"G. P. B.'s" request has been complied with.

"Leo" would do well to develop his subject. His article may then be accepted.

"Venable" is informed, that "Hermes" is in a state of *preservation*; being retained in our sarcophagus until called for.

"Cola's" communications are respectfully declined.

It is perhaps well for "Zaccheus," that he has a *machine* to make his poetry; for he is certainly wanting in capacity *himself*.

All other communications which we have on hand are rejected.